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Weekly



Herald.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS; RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.

VOL. VI.

CLEVELAND, TENN., SEPTEMBER 30, 1881.

NO. 38.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Molly at the Gate.
I left Molly (win this mornin' behind me,
Leavin' over the gate there to kiss me good-
bye;
She's the loveliest lass around old Killarney,
And my heart is so heavy I'm ready to die.
I think of her face now, as fair as a daisy,
Of her beautiful hair and her pretty bare
feet;
And oh! I'm afraid they'll be thinkin' me
crazy,
The friends that I pass and the strangers I
meet.
Now, don't you be mockin' my grief with your
folly,
And tryin' to fill up my heart with good
cheer;
Sure there's no one can half take the place of
my Molly,
And I'm alone always unless she is near.
I'm watchin' the wild-birds, and wonder no
longer
That none builds a nest without help of its
mate;
Ah! its only half life I live while I wander,
And I'm going right back to my girl at the
gate.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

"No good'll ever come of it, now, mind what I tell you! The idea of a sober, respectable man of forty marrying a chit of a girl like that! But it 'pears to me that the longer I live the more convinced I am that men are awful fools when it comes to love. Whenever they get 'struck,' as my nephew calls it, it just 'pears to knock all the sense out of 'em that they ever did have." And Mrs. Hezekiah Winters settled her spectacles firmly on her nose, as though she meant they should always stay there, and then jammed her needle energetically through her sewing.

You see Mrs. Hezekiah Winters was a prominent member of the sewing society at L—, and was generally first spokeswoman everywhere.

"I agree with you entirely," said Mrs. Anthony Evans, a meek-faced woman who seldom had an opinion of her own, but always agreed with somebody.

"And he being a minister of the gospel, too," put in Miss Sophrona Dobbs. "I don't know what the world is coming to, I am sure," said Mrs. Eben Richfield; and there was a general sigh of dissatisfaction from all the members of the sewing society.

"I know that the duty of every member of this society is to convince that inexperienced child of her duty as a minister's wife; and I am morally sure that something dreadful will happen to those children of his afore six months. To think of the way she has started out already—got a new croquet set!" And Miss Afimitha Wright tossed this remark like a bombshell in their midst.

The ladies dropped the precious garments intended for the heathen amid such ejaculations as "dreadful!" "Atrocious!" "What could be expected of her?" "Did you ever?" And again old Mrs. Richfield tried to imagine what the world was coming to.

"Now I don't think it looks very well to see the whole society swoop down on one little person like Imogene," interrupted Mrs. Arthur Wilton, who had not been a member of the sewing circle very long.

"We had better wait until she is here to defend herself," said Mrs. Henry Parsons, a meek second to Mrs. Wilton.

"I see plainly, Mrs. Wilton, that you and Mrs. Parsons are taken by her silly, childish ways. But I formed my opinion of her last Sunday when she laughed right out in meeting just because a little poodle dog barked at the choir."

This awful evidence of the total depravity of the minister's new wife was revealed by Mrs. Hezekiah Winters.

"Almost everybody laughed at that," responded Mrs. Parsons. "Anything seems so much funnier if you hadn't ought to laugh."

"And just to think of what she said to me," said the owner of the aforementioned poodle. "Why, when I sent and asked her to join our society she said she had two little heathens at home to sew for, and that they took the most of her time; but if we wanted to sew for the neglected children living under the shadow of our own church spires, she would spare time to help us. Just as if we wanted the lower strata in our church!" And Miss Sophrona Dobbs sniffed the air disdainfully.

"Now this is enough for one time," interrupted Mrs. Wilton. "Would that ministers could have two wives, so we might divide the blame."

The ladies looked bewildered, and some of them laughed a little; then they launched into a discussion on the coming picnic.

It was to be the regulation kind of a picnic for the ladies and children only, and they were to have such a nice time, with ham sandwiches, pressed chicken, and lemonade made on the grounds, and buns and mosquitoes ad infinitum.

When the day of the picnic arrived, Mrs. Merton, the much talked of minister's wife, went. People had said that they "didn't reckon Mrs. Merton would go, as the church was at the bottom of it," and when they saw her there they said it was "just like a frivolous thing like her to go to every picnic."

Nevertheless, church people at L— were like church people everywhere;

they said a good deal that they didn't mean, and with a few exceptions, blue-eyed, fair-faced Mrs. Merton was very cordially treated, and her friends, when she made them, were very true to her, and always deputed her when she ran the gauntlet of society's tongue.

The picnic seemed a success generally; everybody was having "such a splendid time," and the mosquitoes had voted picnics a beautiful invention, and were singing anthems of praise at the prospect of a "good square meal," when suddenly there was a splash and suffocating cries, and two little forms disappeared under the gliding surface of the stream that wound like a huge serpent through the woods.

There were shrill screams of genuine terror, and white faces stared at the rush of waters in an agony as the awful peril of the children seemed to paralyze them. Mrs. Evans, whose little, dark-haired boy had loosened the canoe from its fastening to take Vinnie Merton for a ride had, while rocking it, rocked too far and tipped it over; and now, while her boy was almost drowning, was lying in a helpless heap on the bank of the river. Some were beginning to recover their self-possession and were calling for ropes, when Mrs. Merton, stepping out of her slippers, poised herself a moment on the bank; then the slender figure, clad in a wonderful array of Swiss muslin and pale blue ribbons, dropped like an arrow into the water, and struck out with the move of an expert to where little Elmer Evan was battling with the current, and holding him so that his head was above water, swam easily to shore, where many hands lifted him to the bank; and then, swimming back to her rebellious little step-daughter, she carried her, half suffocated with waves, back to terra firma.

Vinnie, by general advice from without, had managed to keep an almost continual warfare at home, although she was naturally a generous-hearted child; and when she had recovered from her fright, and made sure she had not swallowed all the water in the river, she looked gravely at her stepmother's soiled garments and said, slowly,—"If you don't care, Mrs. Merton, I'll call you mamma, now."

After that day Mrs. Merton had many friends; for you can always reach a mother's heart through her children, and every woman seems a mother to any child in the hour of danger.

"She was brave and self-possessed, and she saved my Elmer, and I don't mean to ever say another word against her if she never goes with the church." That was what Mrs. Evans said at the next meeting, and as she seldom expressed an opinion for herself, the ladies for the most part agreed with her, except Mrs. Hezekiah Winters, who said,—

"Well, I dunno; she may be all right, but a woman that could entrap a man of forty, and be a minister, kind of looks to me as though she was a flirt."

And Miss Sophrona Dobbs nodded her false frizzes emphatically as she said,—

"I agree with you, Mrs. Winters. We musn't all be taken in by one good act."

Well, to tell the truth, folks did, generally speaking, keep an eye on her; but everything seemed satisfactory. She did nothing that scandalized their ideas of propriety, and they had almost made up their minds that with proper advice she might do for a minister's wife after all.

But the town of L— was visited one day by a traveling theatrical troupe, and everybody was going who wasn't a pillar in the church, and "wouldn't encourage no such institution of Satan."

Mrs. Winters was especially bitter against them. The theater, a long time ago, had led her one son from his home, and the only sweet, sacred spot in Mrs. Winters' hard, religious life was her love for her boy, her baby, as she called him, although he was almost a man when he went away.

The day the troupe arrived Mrs. Winters was at home alone, and the faint sound of distant music was arousing to utterance the grief she had kept buried so long.

"I'll just go to the sewing circle and forget my sorrow by listening to something or other." And away trudged Mrs. Winters to Mrs. Richfield's, whose turn it was to entertain the society.

Everybody was busy and gossiping, and Mrs. Winters was listening to the report of the bad behavior of the girl of the period when Miss Arimitha White came bustling in.

"Law me! ladies have you heard?" and without waiting for an answer, she continued, "Oh, the dreadful, awful actions of Imogene Merton! Sarah Halcomb, that lives next door, seen it with her own eyes, and she told me all about it. And poor, dear Mr. Merton about on church business!"

"What is it?" "Do tell?" "Go on, Arimitha, and explain," were the words from all sides.

"Well, to begin with, my feelings are awfully riled up; but you all know that them theater fellows come to-day. Well, one of 'em—I know he was one because

he got off the train with them—come to Mrs. Merton's to-day, and she was a settin' in that room of hers with them windows that swings out; and he, instead of going to the front door or ringing the bell like a man, why, when he saw her a-sittin' in that room, with her back to the window, he just slipped up sly and sneak-like and stepped in through the window, and then jumped clear across the room, and such lunggin' an' kissin' was never seen in a minister's house afore! Now, ladies, I know this is so, 'cause Sarah Halcomb told it for a solemn truth, and that ain't the worst of it. After he had stayed an hour or so he went to the hotel and got another fellow, and them two walked straight to the minister's house, and she opened the door, fixed up fit to kill. Now I say it's the duty of every member of this society to look into this matter. The minister is gone, and we have got the respectability of the church to sustain. We should go immediately and hear what that dreadful creature has to say for herself."

"Law me! Who'd have thought it?" "The most scandalous thing I ever heard!"

"My, there is some mistake," put in Mrs. Evans, who hadn't forgotten the brave swimmer the day of the picnic.

It was a solemn-visaged group that filed into the minister's sitting-room. Mrs. Hezekiah was to be chief spokeswoman, as she generally was on all church occasions. Mrs. Merton greeted them, her face all smiles.

"I had just sent for you, Mrs. Winters; I have such a pleasant surprise for you!" and she actually kissed the old lady's withered cheek, while Miss Sophrona Dobbs muttered "Judas!" under her breath. "Just come right in here, while I talk to the ladies." And Mrs. Winters followed, her withered face white with indignation.

Suddenly there was a strange, glad cry from the wrathful lady, and in answer to the words, "Eddie, my boy!" some one said "Mother!" and then Mrs. Merton went back to explain matters to the astonished ladies.

"My brother came to-day, and in his traveling he came by chance upon Edgar Winters. Edgar is traveling with the theater troupe that is here, and they being friends, Luke brought Edgar here, and I sent for Mrs. Winters; but she came before my note reached her."

The ladies now began to feel ashamed, but they were generous. Miss Arimitha said:

"If I'm the bearer of scandal again it shan't be about you, Mrs. Merton." All hardness seemed melted out of Mrs. Winters' nature as she returned to the sitting-room.

"I want you to forgive me if you can, Mrs. Merton. I came here to-day to denounce you, and on circumstantial evidence only; but I'll be your friend in the future, remember that."

The ladies by turns apologized for having troubled her so much.

"Oh, I'm getting used to be a minister's wife, and I don't mind such things, you know."

Perhaps this last remark was ungracious; but it was true to her, and thereafter one minister's wife was not made the subject of ill-natured gossiping.—*Waverley Magazine.*

American Progress.

The lower strata of the population of our country, says Charles A. Spear, is composed almost entirely of a heterogeneous mass of emigrants, who hail from almost every country under the sun.

Irish, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, and Poles compose almost the whole of our laboring classes. This fact is in itself significant of the elevation of the masses of native born Americans. A prominent manager in one of our largest Western iron mills informs me that on his laborers' pay roll there is not a single native born American, while his whole quota of civil engineers, machinists, mechanics, blacksmiths, and almost all positions where skill and intelligence are required, are filled by Americans.

"In fact," says he, "I always engage an American before a person of any other nationality, because I find them naturally more rapid, skillful and accurate in all branches where brain work combined with mechanical ingenuity is required. I consider them faster workmen than either the English or Germans."

The gentleman was himself an Englishman, born and raised among English workmen, and a man of wide experience among workmen of all classes and nationalities. Should we not be proud of this evidence of growth and advancement among our countrymen? Hardly a man among them who has not intelligence enough to elevate him above the level of animals and mere brute forces, and enables him to live and go on advancing by the aid of that mind which God has given us to rule over such forces. Barely a century's growth has sufficed to place us head and shoulders above all other nations in that popular intelligence which gives evidence of a rapidly advancing civilization.

FASHION SPRAYS.

Watered silk parasols are the newest of the new.
Colored pearl jewelry is fashionable for fall dress.

Venetian lace is worn as trimming upon bright-colored Surahs.

The latest breastpins have the initials or monograms in script.

Sashes are tied around the waist with an immense bow behind.

Jet trimmings are so fashionable that the supply will not meet the demand.

Gloves are worn over the tight sleeves and bracelets and bangles over the gloves.

White costumes are not worn in the streets, except in the country or at the sea-side.

Among the latest vagaries of Parisian women are velvet ear-rings of the same color as the dress.

Another novelty has been added to Saratoga toilets—parasols of velvet, embroidered with golden bees.

A very stylish way to trim a navy-blue flannel is with graduated bands of striped gros-grain ribbon.

The wardrobe of a woman who adopts the aesthetic style of dressing is more valuable the older it grows.

Silk fans have each division cut in the shape of a feather and embroidered at the top to represent a flower.

Note paper and calling cards are ornamented with ugly scorpions, reptiles and quadrupeds in the glossary of zoology.

Pompeian red is to be the new color for autumn dress. It is a little warmer than garnet, and that was bad enough.

It is the height of elegance to have the gloves somewhat dark, even with light dresses, medium tan being the favorite shade.

Silver bracelets are much worn. They are cut in delicate designs, hung with numerous pendants and fit the wrist loosely.

Stylish sunshades have "Aryna" handles of woven grass or reed exactly like the fine weaving which covers the exterior of Sagu cups.

A clever china decorator of New York will soon exhibit a dainty chocolate service which will employ the shape and color of the pink morning glory.

Hats in the shape of an upset basket, full of flowers, tightened over the ears with a wide ribbon, are pretty and unique for completing toilets of wash materials.

Some of the new long gloves have slits cut in them, either at the top or half way up, into which colored ribbon or broad gold braid about an inch in width is inserted.

Watered silk and ribbons will be largely used the coming season as trimmings on velvet and satin dresses, mantles, cashmere dresses and other woollen materials.

Long shawls superbly embroidered accompany all hand-worked dresses, and are carried on the arm for use in cool evenings at the seashore, or tied with bunched ends at the back.

The Llama.

The South American llama will bear neither beating nor ill treatment. The animals go in troops, an Indian walking a long distance ahead as a guide. If the llamas are tired, they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay be too great, the Indian, becoming uneasy toward sunset, after all due precaution, resolves on supplicating the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty paces off, in an attitude of humility, waving his hand coaxingly toward them, looks at them with tenderness, and at the same time, in the softest tones, reiterates, "Le, le, le!"

If the llamas are disposed to resume their course, they follow the Indian in good order and at a regular pace, but very fast, for their legs are very long; but when they are in ill-humor, they do not even turn toward the speaker, but remain motionless, huddled together, standing or lying down. The straight neck and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their always clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motion, all give them an air at once sensitive and noble. The llama is the only creature employed by man which he dares not strike. If it happens—which is very seldom the case—that an Indian wishes to obtain, either by force or even by threats what the llama will not willingly perform, the instant the animal finds itself affronted by words or gesture, he raises his head with dignity, and without making any attempt to escape ill treatment by flight, lies down, turning his looks toward heaven. Large tears flow freely from his beautiful eyes, sighs issue from his breast, and in half or three-quarters of an hour at most he expires. The respect shown these animals by Peruvian Indians amounts absolutely to superstitious reverence.

When the Indians lead them, two approach and caress the animal, hiding his head that he may not see the load on his back. It is the same in unloading. The Indians of the Cordillera alone have sufficient patience and gentleness to manage the llama.

MANY MILLIONAIRES.

Men Who Have More Money Than They Know What to do With.

The wealthiest individual who dabbles in Wall street of course is William H. Vanderbilt. He did not appear as a heavy operator until after the death of his father, the late Commodore Vanderbilt, who left his favored son \$65,000,000. Since that time he has added to his vast capital by judicious investments until now he is credited with being worth \$120,000,000. This is divided up in real estate, United States four per cent. bonds, Lake Shore, New York Central, Canada Southern, Michigan Central, Chicago and Northwestern stock. He is the heaviest individual holder of government securities in the world, his daily interest account from this source alone amounting to nearly \$2,700. Jay Gould ranks next to Vanderbilt, his wealth being estimated at \$75,000,000, which, with the exception of \$500,000 in real estate, is all invested in railroad and telegraph securities. The honor of being the third largest possessor of wealth on Wall street is divided between several gentlemen who touch their holdings by the millions, and who are variously estimated to be worth from \$4,000,000 to \$10,000,000. Among these are James B. Keene, D. O. Mills and Thomas Matland. When Mr. Keene made his debut in Wall street, a few years ago, he was credited with transferring from San Francisco to Wall street \$10,000,000. Since then he has met many severe reverses, but had added to his store in other directions, and it is safe to say that he is worth at least \$6,000,000 to-day. Mr. Matland is believed to be possessed of \$8,000,000. A good story is told by him, showing the caution he exercises in making investments. As well as his total indifference to adding to his vast wealth. Recently he was invited to take the initiative in improving the Long Island Railroad property. It was shown clearly to him that by building the new bridge from upper New York across Blackwell's Island to Long Island, and a judicious change in the time tables and running arrangements, the investment of \$3,000,000 would make a handsome return. Mr. Matland examined the details of the project closely, regarded it with favor, felt convinced of its assumed success, when he turned toward his friend and said:

"I am getting along well in years and want to avoid all the annoyance possible."

"But this will add greatly to your possessions," pressed his friend.

"I have all the money that I want, sir," was the response. "I have trouble enough with that and I desire no more. I have no one to leave it to, and any additional treasures would add to my inconveniences, I am fully content with what I have, and I shall enter into no more speculations."

The Soligmanians also count their gains by the millions, so divided up between the brothers as to leave at least \$2,000,000 to each. August Belmont is another of the millionaires. He continues to manage the affairs in this city of the famous English banking firm of N. M. Rothschild & Sons, and is put down as worth at least \$2,000,000. George I. Seney, President of the Metropolitan Bank, is another man whose wealth is unknown, but who is believed to be worth between three and five millions. Cyrus W. Field has been very successful in his speculations, his cable, Wabash and elevated railway stocks and bonds having netted him a handsome profit. Mr. Field is set down as worth about \$2,500,000.

Wall street is full of business men whose wealth varies from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000, most of whom live sumptuously and enjoy life to its fullest extent, but who are daily toiling for more and more gains. H. Victor Newcomb, President of the United States National Bank, and formerly President of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, is said to be worth \$3,000,000. His successor in the Presidency of the Louisville and Nashville road, Mr. C. C. Baldwin, is estimated at between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000. H. C. Fahnestock, Vice-President of the First National Bank, suffered a heavy reverse when the firm of Jay Cooke & Co., of which he was a member, failed. Mr. Fahnestock having met all his liabilities, is ranked as worth \$1,000,000. Among other millionaires are ex-Surrogate Jenkins Van Schaick, F. B. Wallace, D. B. Hatch, Henry Clow, J. D. Vermilye, Henry D. Willard and Moses Taylor.—*New York Sun.*

Pleas Harper, one of the most successful cotton planters in Georgia, has just bought 2,100 acres of land in Oglethorpe county for \$32,000. He does not confine himself to cotton, but grows of other crops enough to run his place, so that the cotton is all clear profit.

Americans are said to have spent over \$8,000,000 in France last year for works of art, engravings and books.

Five hundred young Englishmen, nearly all unmarried, have settled near La Mars, Ia.

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April 25-17

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Nature reports a remarkable discovery by Mr. Alexander Adams, of the British Postoffice Telegraph Department: "It is the existence of electric tides in telegraphic circuits. By long-continued and careful observations he has determined distinct variations of strength in those earth currents, which are invariably present on all telegraphic wires, following the different diurnal positions of the moon with respect to the earth." A fuller and more satisfactory exposition of the matter was to be given by the author.

Some time since the use of sawdust in mortar was recommended as superior even to hair for the prevention of cracking and subsequent peeling off of rough casing under the action of storms and frost. Some one by the name of Sierl says that his own house, exposed to prolonged storms on the seacoast, had pieces of mortar to be renewed each spring; and after trying without effect a number of substances to prevent it, he found sawdust perfectly satisfactory. It was first thoroughly dried and sifted through an ordinary grain sieve to remove the larger particles. The mortar was made by mixing one part of cement, two of lime, two of sawdust and five of sharp sand, the sawdust being first well mixed dry with the cement and sand.

An official publication of the German postoffice contains a report on the disturbances in telegraphic communication caused last August by a display of the aurora borealis. It is well known that both storms and the aurora borealis disturb the electric currents passing over telegraphic cables, but recent experience seems to prove that the disturbing influences of storms chiefly affects short lines, while the longer lines are more liable to be affected by the northern lights. There was a strong disturbance of the latter kind from the 11th to the 14th of August, 1880. It seems to have manifested itself throughout the greater portion of the northern section of the eastern hemisphere, sending off, however, a southerly stream in the direction of Mozambique, which reached to Natal.

It does not appear that the western continent was affected. The general features of the disturbance consisted in manifestations of the presence of strange currents ("earth currents," as they are called) of fluctuating intensity, the duration and fluctuations varying in different localities and the direction of recurrences changing frequently.

Wolves and Wild Horses.

It is said that whenever several of the larger wolves associate together, for mischief, in the German forests and their neighborhood, there is always a numerous train of smaller ones to follow in the rear, and act as auxiliaries in the work of destruction. Two large wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and seldom more than two ever begin the assault, although there may be a score in the gang. It is no less curious than amusing to witness this ingenious mode of attack. If there is no snow, or but little on the ground, two wolves approach in the most playful and caressing manner, lying, rolling and frisking about, until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time the gang, squatted on their hind-quarters, look on at a distance. After some time spent in this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, and the other his tail, with a shyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of attack their frolicsome approaches become very interesting—it is right good earnest; the former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeps his eye steadily fixed on the ham-string or flank of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous; both wolves spring at their victim at the same moment—one to the throat, the other to the flank—and, if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold till the horse is completely disabled. Instead of springing forward or kicking to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round without attempting a defence. The wolf before him springs behind to assist the other. The sinews are cut, and in half the time I have been describing the horse is on his side; his struggles are fruitless—the victory is won. At this signal the lookers-on close in a gallop; but the small fry of followers keep at a respectful distance until their superiors are gorged, and then they take their turn tumultuously.

THE HERALD

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The bronze balconies alone in Wm H. Vanderbilt's house will cost \$60,000. The death rate of Paris rose fifty per cent. this summer on account of the heat.

Samuel Ward says it is genteel to eat game of the small kind with your fingers.

A fruit dealer advertises peaches by the basket—every basket warranted—but is wisely silent about the peaches. The Boston Journal believes the Vice President should be made a cabinet officer, in order to give him something to do.

A St. Louis belle is said to have won \$1,100 recently at the Saratoga races. She will probably buy a pair of shoes with the money.

Chicago claims to furnish better accommodations in her station houses than Long Branch does in her hotels. Result: All her station houses are full of lodgers.

Dan Rice has been divorced from his first wife, and now the second is applying for a similar document. This goes to show that a man may be able to train a horse and yet not know how to manage a woman who is old enough to use hair pins.

Ben. Blanton, an ex-sheriff of Cook county, Texas, and a very desperate man, met James Todd, who had been a witness against him in a lawsuit, and abused and insulted him in a shameful manner. They separated, each vowing to meet the other for a final settlement. They met, and both drew their weapons and fired. Todd was shot through the heart and in the breast, and the top of Blanton's head was blown off. Both men were lying dead when discovered.

Advice to Girls.

Do not estimate the worth of a young man by his ability to talk soft nonsense, nor by the length of his mustache.

Do not imagine that an extra ribbon tied about the neck can remedy the defect of a soiled collar and untidy dress.

If your hands are browned by labor, do not envy the lily fingers of Miss Foss and Feathers, whose mother works in the kitchen, while the daughter lounges in the parlor.

If a dandy, with a cigar between his fingers, asks you if smoking is offensive to you, tell him emphatically, "Yes." The habit should be, even though the odor may not.

Do not waste your tears on the imaginary sorrows of Alonzo and Melissa, nor the trials of the dime novel heroines. Seek rather to alleviate the woes of the suffering ones of earth.

California Grape Culture.

The cultivation of grapes and the manufacture of wine are yearly interesting more capital and skill in California. In 1880 the state produced 10,000,000 gallons of wine, 450,000 gallons of brandy, raising to the value of \$100,000, and grapes for table use to the value of \$150,000. The total yield from the culture of the grape amounted to \$3,500,000. Over 10,000 acres were planted in grape vines also, and it is said that this year 20,000 acres will be added. Besides the land already used for grape culture, there are over 10,000 acres of unsurveyed land in California suitable for this purpose. Over \$30,000,000 are now said to be invested in grape lands and wine making on the Pacific coast.